MEATLY EXECUTED AT SHORT NOTICE

Wm. P. MAIDEN, M. D. PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, GYN ACOLOGIST de., Late Asst. Surgeon U. S. Army: Examining Surgeon for U. S. Pensieners, and all the princi-pal Life Insurance Co's. Residence on Washing-ton avenue, near Third street. Office in Alpine block, on Second street.

C. Alpern, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in fresh and salt Fish, Alpena, Michigan. 247

A. E. GOURDEAU, M. D. Physician and Surgeon. Office at Biewend's Drug Bitors, Water street, Alpens. 168.

CHAS. A. JEYTE, Netary Public and Land Agent. Office next to the Post Office, Alpena, Mich. 145.

J. B. TUTTLE, Attorney at Law! Office in Hitchcock block, Alpena, Mich.

J. McTA VISH, M. D.,

O. MATHER, Inspector and Commission dealer in Lum Alpena, Michigan.

J. D. HOLMES, Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office in the McDonald block, Second street, Alpena, Mich.

GEO. STUBBS Will locate Pine, Timber and Farmins Lands Pine Lands examined and estimated. Particular attention paid to selecting Homesteads. Long Attention paid to sel Lake, Alpena, Mich.

WM. H. PHELPS,

Thos. McGinn,

City Surveyor and County Surveyor of Alpena County, Office at the Union House, Alpena Star Meat Market,

Corner Dock and Oldfield Streets.

would most respectfully announce to the Fresh and Salt Meat Of all kinds, and we will be pleased to serve ou friends and customers. D. P. BUKER

CHAS. N. CORNELL, Architect and Draughtsman, Centennial Block, corner 1st street and Washington avenue, Alpena, Mich., room No. 6, second floor.

Will furnish plans and specifications for buildings and superintend the construction of the same if desired. Will also give attention to the making and copying of maps.

All kinds of ornamental designs, writing and lettering in India ink, water or oil colors, done on short notice and at reasonable rates.

A. L. MASER,

Manufacturer of Cigars. He defies com-either in price or quality of goods.

Maser's Own. Is a universal favorite. Call and see them. Sec-

MEAT MARKET!

CHARLES HUEBER, On Water street, next to the Post Office, FRESH MEATS.

J. LEVYN.

Manufacturer of Gigers, defice competition, either in quality of goods or price. The Pride of Alpena

Is the favorite in town. Store in brick block, Wabs street, Alpena.

Wm. MIKEMASTER Manufesturer and Dealer in

Harnesses, Saddles Collars, Etc. Shop at Goodenow & Dow's eld stand, River Street, Alpena. 233

Franklin House!

CHAS. BUBL, Proprietor.

Corner Bates and Larnet Streets, Detroit, Mich WILLIAM MIRRE,

ARCHITECT! AND CITY SURVEYOR!

Harness Shop and Furniture Repairing Rooms.

CHRISTIAN WOLK,

Is now prepared to do good work in the line of Harness-Making, Furniture Repairing, and Up All work warranted to give satisfaction. Sho on River street, Alpena.

August Scheer, LOCK SMITH!

SEWING MACHINES, LOCKS, GUNS, ETC.

Pocket Knives Re-Bladed. Shop on State street, near boiler shop.

GEO. M. SAVAGE & CO. Newspaper Advertising Ag'ts

Botusda Butloted, Dernott, Mich., authorized to contract for Advertising in this paper. ectived by use of our Michigan Lists, which on noc allthe principal Newspapers published is a State, including the Detroit Workles. Estimates (urnished. Send for our Manual.



Ateckin



Independent in all Things-Neutral in Nothing. Politically Democratic.

ALPENA, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1877.

NEW FIRM!

Willie & O'Brien.

Manufacturers of all kinds of first class

Sign of the Big Boot!

LIVERY STABLE! All work done on the shortest notice. No misfits; all work warranted

Come Near to Me. The way is long! Come near to me; I can not live wise from Thee. or journey to my home above, Unless Thou aid me with Thy love. So many errors clog my soul-So many evils round me roll; I faint with all the weary strife

me near me, Lord, for Thou art life. The thorns seem thicker than the bloom Ending the pathway to the tomb; They pierce—and whither shall I flee, Except, dear Lord, I flee to Thee!

Come near at morning, noon, and night; Be Thy sweet presence my delight; Thy gracious comfort freely give, That I may look to Thee and live!

Found in the Snow. "Hillo! This won't do. Move

The speaker was a gigantic powas a boy, who sat on a low stoop, with his face buried in his hands read the superscription. as if crying.

It was night, and snowing fast. A bitter, bitter night, in which one would not wish even one's enemy to be homeless and shelterless. The boy did not stir.

"Hillo, I say," cried the policeman, angrily advancing nearer. "No shaming, youg'un. Get up and move on.

But as the lad, even yet, did not and shook him. As he did this, the boy fell over, senseless, in the

tion, I suppose." Eagle Barber Shop

ingly inanimated form stirred.

they'll take him in here."

had dashed up to the next house, the sofa. old man, wrapped in a fur cloak, the master of the house. Seeing the policeman, however, mean ?" with the boy in his arms, he stop-

dead-"

"No, not dead yet, Mr. Ascot," said the policeman, respectfully, as he recognized the speaker, well known as the wealthiest and most influential householder on his beat, "but I'm afraid will be, before I reach the station. And he doesn't

Bayties Great Merchantile College, Keekuk, Iowa, on the Mississippi. Nineteenth year, About sixty dollars pay all expenses, for Membership, board and stationary. Book-keepers, Penmen, Reporters, Operators, Architects, Surveyors and Tesschers theroughly fitted. Rairond fare, reduced. Good situations. No vacalion, Iowa, Iowa

alone." spacious drawing-room.

Mrs. Somers did not see the note. began to tremble all over.

ing near her, full of interested day-" anxiety, did not observe this look, by the note, which he now stooped ing along his thin, wan cheeks. liceman. The object of his wrath to pick up. Then he proceeded to take out his glasses, in order to

can't be-it can't be! Mrs. Som- the sofa. ers, your eyes are younger than "Drink this, sir," said the house- sage to America, whither she had rise, the policeman stooped down, mine-read, read-is that address keeper, handing him a restorative. resolved to come, in hopes, by a

man. "He's dead. Frozen to death, the boy again, and he opened his after me-" fellow! An orphan, no doubt. sciousness in them; and he fixed a to look at the boy.

Blackburn's Building, Second St. dren of his own at home, the seem- with sudden palsy, "it is her eyes it's like you."

a footman sprang from the box, the For a moment the boy was for-

arm, to be helped up the high stoop. liceman, anxiously. "What does it will go at once. She shall come she bacame almost wild with fright. very brief examination of Hoyle

ped abruptly.
"What!" he cried. "A would have been reticent about turned toward the door, family affairs, but she was too flurthe footman now appeared. young tramp. A beggar. Not ried to think clearly. Surprised out of herself, she took her audi- the servant, obsequiously. ence, unconsciously, into her con-

years of nursing.

and he's only limp, not paralyzed. mother shall not die." There, I've opened his cravat, and In a few minutes, during which the opening of the street door; ment that always be substituted now, Jane, bring some water. It's the thoughtful housekeeper had there were steps ascending the for sometimes. Carried. but a fainting fit; he often has 'em provided a biscuit and some tea stairs; yes, she could not be miswhen he's worried; often, I mean, for the boy, and the little party set taken, they were the steps of her "Have him in here. Have him in since his daughter went away. She forth. While the carriage is rollhere. John, ring the bell-why ran off, you know, most ten years ing over the snow, its destination open, and her son rushed in. Illustrated Priced Catalogue the dence do you stand there ago. He's never forgiven her. Or being one of the most distant and "Mother, mother," be cried, flinggaping; don't you see the boy's rather she's never, leastways of late obscure streets of the great metro- ing his arms cagerly around her, dying from cold and hunger! I years, asked to be forgiven. The polis, let us say a few words about "I came as soon as I could. And, can walk up the steps well enough last time was when she came herself, just after she was married." Margaret Ascot had been one of father. See." A moment more and Mr. Ascot All this time Mrs. Somers was those sweet tempered, sympathetic She looked past her son, scarcely

give him some air. Poor man! penniless, had been compelled to great as remaining another night But he's nobody to blame but him- take up the first pursuit that of- here; physicians, the best, shall be self, after all. I don't uphold diso- fered itself. In his own land, nearly oalled in. No! you shall not die. bedience in children, of course; everybody had some knowledge of You have not come home to die." but a deared, sweeter girl than his music; but Andrea was an amateur Nor did she die. Our simple daughter, Margaret was her name, of more than ordinary merit; and tale has already been too long in never was. Many and many's the he naturally became a teacher of the telling, or we might narrate time I've carried her in my arms, singing. Margaret Ascot was his how the sense of rest and peace when she was a baby, and her favorite pupil. He saw in her that grew up in her now, the skillmother was alive. How are you everything that youthful manhood, ful care of the best physicians, and This last seatence was addressed saw in him a hero and a martyr, was assured, all combined to work to her master, who, with a deep- Compared with the prosaic young a cure, that, otherwise, might have drawn sigh, opened his eyes. "What, what is the matter?" he lating lawyers, or the idle men of To-day there is no more beautisaid, looking vacantly from one to fashion, who constituted the bulk ful women of her years, in that the other. "Yes! I remember." of her admirers, he was a prince in great city, that Margaret. She

"Please, sir," said the lad, seeing Mr. Ascot, though a sensible man her exquisite charm of manner. Something in the boy's look had be had attracted the old man's eye, in other respects, could not under- But the memory of her dead husstartled her; she gave a quick "can you tell me where Mr. Ascot stand why his daughter was cold to band is still green in her heart, glance up at her master; then she lives? I was to go to him-only I her wealthy lovers, and had given and ever will be; and though men lost my way-mother's very sick- her heart to the exile.

for his attention had been attracted with a great sob, the tears stream- bounds. He refused to answer her her first and last love lies buried,

"Where's the note-the note?" Ascot, incoherently, rising to his thrust from the door. "Perhaps this may throw some feet. "Is it from Margaret! Did After vainly trying to get some light on the matter," he said. "The somebody say she was starving?" other employment, for Mr. Ascot's poor lad has been sent out on an His poor weak, shaking hands influence deprived Andrea of all errand, and has fainted from cold, vainly tried again to unfold the pa- his pupils, the young couple went and perhaps hunger. What! What! per, which the policeman handed abroad. For a while they lived in Good God i" his hands were shak- to him. "I-I am not as strong as London, but after a short time An-In the deep stillness the paper rat- old," and he looked piteously at struggled on until he died. He tled with a startling noise. "It Mrs. Somers, and sank again on left his widow penniless. She had

He drank it and rallied. "Ah! last appeal, to soften her father's

coach-door was flung open, and an gotten, every one pressing around rising up; and his voice and air of snow. When eight o'clock News. stepped out, and took the servant's "Is it a stroke !" asked the po not die. Where is the carriage ! I and still her boy did not return, an article, "Who Shall Lead!" A At any other time, Mrs. Somers be cried, almost angrily, and he She listened intensely for the sound dealer should do so .- Bridgeport would have been reticent about turned toward the door, where of his feet. But she heard nothing Standard.

Mrs. Somers. A few blankets-a candle had burned down into the man who had a pair of steel brace-"No, it's not a stroke," she an- bit of food-not a minute to lose. socket, and was almost on the lets on his wrists. swered, with the experience of long Good God! Margaret dying, and point of expiring. Suddenly the The Free Press thinks "a man's we wasting our time here. No, my sound of carriage-wheels, muffled dearest object should be his wife, "His face isn't awry, you see; brave little fellow," he said, "your by the snow, was heard. The car-but, alas! sometimes it is his wife's

in its highest type, admires; she the knowledge of her boy's future men of business, or the cold, calcu- been regarded as almost miraculous. do not sufficiently make allowances boy; they come, at least, before

Whole No. 293.

Mr. Ascot, who had been stand- and she's had nothing to eat to- When Margaret, hopeless of al- wide celebrity would woo her, if tering his opinion, finally eloped she would, to be the light of their With these words he broke down, with her lover, his wrath knew no home, they know, one and all, that letter announcing the marriage, in that lonely grave, on the blue and when, a few weeks later, she shores of the Riviera, to which, "Order the carriage," said Mr. came in person, he had her literally every year or two, she makes a

ing like a leaf in an autumn wind. I used to be. I think I am getting drea returned to Italy, and there speaks of cockroach: only money enough to pay her pas-As he spoke, in choked, convul- it is her-her hand writing," speak- heart. It was a winter voyage, blues, or will it, on the homographic sive gasps, Mrs. Somers leaned for- ing to himself. "She is a widow. and Margaret caught a violent cold, system of like cure like, disperse "Great God!" cried the police- ward to read. The motion roused Her only child is named after— which threatened an inflamation of them. the lungs. She could only crawl the night she landed, a miserable January 1, 1872." Who has it tryat western gun works. Ichow! An orphan, he down selousness in them, but has it tryst smithfield street, l'ittsburgh, Pa. Well, I must take him to the stalong, questioning, puzzled look on "Are you grandfather?" said the attle. The next day she wrote a
ed to catch during the last five latter, timidly. "I think you must note to her father, trusting her boy years? he did tenderly, for he had chil- said, staggering like one struck she looks at, and cries over, and go herself. Knowing that Mr. A Sugar Conference has been Ascot would be out during the day, The letter fell again to the floor. she had deferred sending the lad you can lump it.—Boston Glot e. not dead yet. If the station-house senseless, the half-open letter flut- opened his arms, and the boy, had he left, before she began to only wasn't so far off. Ah! maybe tering from his fingers to the floor, catching his meaning, came to him. think of the perils he ran, alone in Don't neglect your penmanship. Fortunately the policeman was in "You won't let her die, will you ?" that great city. Perhaps, she said A man in New York got \$64,000 As he spoke, a close carriage time to catch him, and lay him on said the boy, looking piteously in- to herself, he had fallen down some from a banker for being a good open area. Perhaps he had sank, writer. It is not yet known how "Die, die ?" cried the old man, chilled and insensible, in some bank many years he will get .- Danbury

were that of youth. "She shall struck, from a neighboring steeple, One of our cotemporaries heads home to-night. The carriage, I say," Ten o'clock came, but still no son. will show that the man next the "The carriage waits, sir," said her anxiety and fear rose to frensy. on the Jackson train as it came to "Get your cloak and bonnet, dead. Eleven o'clock struck. Her for refreshments," said a gentleriage stopped. Surely that was wardrobe." We move as an amend-

oh! mother, I have brought grand-

aside, Mr. Policesan, please, and had come to America, and being food, everything; the risk is not so ers." Free Press.

ADVERTISING RATES.

ficient for them. It is not so, and of her varied accomplishments and

of high station and even worldpilgrimage.

Select and Original.

The Port Huron Journal man is a real modest young man and he ought to receive a missionary appointment. This is the way he

How doth the little rooster reach Around the sanctum roam; He cuts our paste and drinks our tak. And makes himself at home. But editors should not resent The pretty creature's whim : Their able peas were never meant To put a head on him.

Will blue glass give a man the

The Hornellsville Times winds up a legal as follows: "Bated

It must have been a sweet gather-

but the roar of the storm. At last "Jackson," velled a brakeman She was sure now her boy was a stop at that place. "Fifteen years

"Will you be out long!" asked a lady of her husband as he was preparing to go out. "About the same as usual, my dear, five feet nine," said the husband, and then he stepped to one side to let a cup full of bot tea pass through the

Springfield, Ill., has a female life-peacefully if she can, forcep-

J. COHEN. Merchant Tailor Luce's Building, Alpena.

Vol. VI .- No. 33. A. R. McDONALD, Attorney & Counselor at Law. COLLECTION AND Real Estate Agency.

Office in the McDenatd Block, Second Street, Alpena, Mich. 178 F. H. DYER,

Commission Dealer Pine and Farming Lands.

Pine lands examined and currifully estimated, 20,000 acres of Parminig Lands for sale, from one to twenty-five miles from Alpena, and payments from one to five years time. Produce, tanbark, posts, etc., taken in payment. Best of references given.



LIVERY RIGS! Of all kinds, at reasonable rates. WM. CARNEY.

A General Banking Business! on."

COLLECTIONS

Will cash all approved checks on Detroit, New York and Boston, at par, and give

drafts at par, to all their customers. Alpena, April 18, 1872. A Great Reduction in Prices of

CUNS, REVOLVERS, &c. Prices reduced from 20 to 30 per cent. Write for Hustrated Catalogue, with reduced prices for 1877. Address. GREAT WESTERN GUN WORKS,

R. H. MOONEY, Propr. Barber Shop.

Chas. Altmann DOCK STREET,

e he is prepared to do all manner of work line with neatness and style. CENTENNIAL REDUCTION In Advertising. Three thousand, two hundred and fifty dollars worth of newspaper advertising, at publishers' schedule rates, given for \$700, and a three months note accepted in payment from advertisers of responsibility. A printed list, giving name, character, actual Dully and Weekly circulation, and Schedule Rates of Advertising, sent free to any address. Apply to Geo. P. Rowell & Co., Newspaper Advertising Agents, at Park Row, N. Y. 272.

A.A.A.A. CARD.

Large or small sums carefully investinged for eustomests at a distance it active Stocks that often yield coron overy 30 days. Selected Stock Powi lailty. New Stock Book for investment reliable information tow in Stocks, sent five on epithesiste.

Bankers and situat Brokers, it was

Young Men.

English.
Vick's Floral Guide, Quarterly, 25 cents a year.
Vick's Flower and Vesetable Garden, 50 cents in paper; in clegant cloth covers, \$1.00.
Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y. Vick's Floral Guide year. The first of the same of

VICK'S

VICK'S

Flower And Vegetable Seeds
is the most beautiful work of the kind in the
world. It contains nearly 150 pages, hundreds of
flas Risestrations, and six chromo plates of flowers,
flas Risestrations, and six chromo plates of flowers,
flas Risestrations, and six chromo plates of flowers,
flas and colored from nature. Price
to caute its paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth.
So cents its paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth.
Yeld's Peral Guida, Guarterly, 23 cents a year.
Vick's Peral Guida, Guarterly, 25 cents a year.
Vick's Peral Guida, Guarterly, 25 cents a year.
Vick's Peral Guida, Guarterly, 25 cents a year.
Vick's Catalogue.—300 Illustrations, only 2 cents.
Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

Jane, give me the blankets, while I

are planted by a million people in America. See
Vici's Catalogue and Pieutrations, only seems and She has not been heard of for
Vici's Plant Guide, Quartelly, 35 centra years
All my publications are printed in English and
All my publications are printed in English and and all my publications are printed in had not yet quite come back.

BOOTS & SHOES. feeling now, sir ?" Store in Pack's Block, on Second Street "Mother, mother," he murmured. Putting his hand to his brow. disguise, a young god! Parents lives only for her father and her "I can't find grandfather-and it's "Margaret-" so cold. I am so-" His head His eye, wandering about, fell on for the imaginative element in their everything else. But she does not dropped on her shoulder, and his the boy, who, during this episode, daughters. They fancy, that, at exclude hereself entirely from soeyes closed again. One of his hands, had entirely recovered conscious- nineteen, girls can feel as their ciety. To the select and cultivated which, up to this moment, had been ness, and was now looking up, and mothers do at forty; that the dry circle of which she is the center tightly shut, opened weakly, and a with a strange sort of wonder, at husks of a-matter-of-fact life is suf- and chief ornament, she gives freely note fell to the floor. Mr. Ascot.

-is it-mine-Thornton Ascot?"

Mr. Ascot.

-her eyes-"

fidence.

too; perhaps starved. Poor little eyes; this time with more of con- He stopped reading, and turned feebly to the nearest lodging, no But as he lifted the body, which "Merciful heaven!" the latter be, for my mother has a picture to deliver it, as she was too ill to "Fainted," said the officer, "but With these words, he fell back But this time it was because he until toward nightfall; but hardly to his face.

himself led the way into a warm, busy trying to revive her master, natures, that everybody loved, believing her eyes. There, just dentist. She is said to be a lady chafing his hands, helding smelling- Beautiful, accomplished, wealthy, behind her boy, stood her father. of gentle extraction.—New York "There's a roaring fire ready," salts to him, even ordering the and well-born, she had crowds of She rose up in bed; she held out Commercial Advertiser. Such a he said. "I always have one waiting window opened, on a night as bad suitors; but at nineteen she turned her arms. for me, when I come home from as this. "He turned her from his from them all, and gave her heart "Father!" she sobbed. dining out. Where's the house- doors, in a perfect rage. I never to a penniless lover. This was not "Margaret! My child!" And ly if she must.—Norristown Hearld. keeper! Didn't I tell John to seen him so angry afore or since. because she was foolishly romantic, then they were locked in each Is she given to pull-backs! bring her at once ! Ah! here Mrs. But he's been sorry for it, many like so many others; but because other's arms, and both were in A book agent, who has retired Somers comes. Something to re- and many a time, I know. I've her suitor was worthy of her in tears. vive him, quick! Gracious heav- heard him sigh so! He was think- every way, except in riches. He "I can die in peace, now," she earned accumulations of a life of ing of her. He'd have forgiven all, was only a poor music teacher, an murmured, after a while, as she industrious cheek, says that the "Poor little dear!" said Mrs. years ago, if she would only have Italian exile, for this was in the clung to her father's breast, "since great secret of his success was that Somers, as she poured a restora- come again. But she was as proud days, now, fortunately, long ago, you have forgiven me. You will when he went to a house where the somers, as one poured a restora-tive down his throat. "There, as him. I don't know which was before Italy was free, and when to promise to take care of Thornton!" female head of the family present-tive down his throat. "There, as him. I don't know which was before Italy was free, and when to promise to take care of Thornton!" female head of the family present-tive down his throat. "There, as him. I don't know which was before Italy was free, and when to promise to take care of Thornton!" female head of the family present-tive down his throat. "There, as him. I don't know which was before Italy was free, and when to promise to take care of Thornton!" female head of the family present-tive down his throat. "Die," cried the father, rising ed herself, he always opened by wrap him up. Ah; he's coming parts with her husband-he'd been ment, or life-long imprisonment, or bolt upright, and fairly lifting her saying: "I beg your pardon, miss, her music teacher, you see; that's even death. Andrea Fillippo had, from the bed, all the strength of but it was your mother I wished The boy opened his eyes, looked what made Mr. Ascot so angry; when hardly more than a boy, his youth coming back in that su- to see. That always used to get

BF Terms, CASH, payable quarterly.